

OXFORD OBSERVER.

"LOVE ALL, DO WRONG TO NONE, BE CHECK'D FOR SILENCE BUT NEVER TAX'D FOR SPEECH.".....SHAKESPEARE.

VOLUME II.]

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THE REFLECTOR.

HOPE.

Eternal Hope! when yonder spheres sublime,
Pealed their first notes to sound the 'march of time,'
Thy joyous youth began—but not to fade;
When all the sister planets have decayed,
When rapt in fire the realms of ether glow,
And Heaven's last thunder shakes the world below;
Thou, undimmed, shalt o'er the ruins smile,
And light thy torch at Nature's funeral pile.

ON SUMMER.

Every age has felt the analogy which subsists between the seasons of the year, and the character and duties of men. There is, in the revolutions of time, a kind of warning voice which summons us to thought and reflection, and every season, as it arises, speaks to us of the analogous character which we ought to maintain. From the first opening of the spring, to the last desolation of winter, the days of the year are emblematic of the state and of the duties of man; and, whatever may be the period of our journey, we can scarcely look up into the Heavens, and mark the path of the sun, without feeling something either to animate us upon our course, or to reprove us for our delay.

It is now the pride and glory of the year.—The "winter is over and gone,"—the spring has again unlocked all the annual promises of nature,—the earth around us is every where covered with plenteousness and beauty,—and the sun is pursuing, like a giant, his "course through the Heavens," and dispensing light and life over the world beneath him. Are there no reflections, my brethren, which such a spectacle inspires?

Is it not emblematic to us of the maturity of human life, and of the virtues which that season ought to display? To those of that age, the spring, with all its weakness, and all its dangers, is past; an unseen arm hath conducted them through the dawn of their infant journey, and led them on to that mighty stage where the honors of time and of eternity are to be won. Whatever may be the station or condition in which they are placed, there is yet to all some simple and evident duty which they are called to perform,—some course which they are summoned to run; and, what is far more, however narrow may be its bounds, or obscure its situation, there is some sphere to which their influence extends, and in which, like the summer sun, they may diffuse joy and happiness around them. In such seasons, let nature be their instructor; and, while they bless the useful light which pours gladness among the dwellings of men, let them remember that they also were made to bless and to improve. Let them remember, that to them have now arisen the lengthened and the enlightened days of life, when every thing calls them to labor; that the breath of Heaven has ripened all their powers of mind and body into perfection; that there are eyes in Heaven and Earth, which look upon the course they are pursuing; and that the honors of time, and the hopes of immortality, alike depend upon the use which they make of the summer of their days. Alas! too, let them remember, that the seasons of men have their varieties, like the seasons of nature; and, while they look around them and see the noon of life (as sometimes they must see it) darkened by vice, or obscured by folly, let it warn them of the dangers to which they also are exposed.

THE GRAVE-YARD.

"Low lies the head and still the tongue
Of those who fought, and spoke, and sung."

"I never shun a grave-yard: the thoughtful melancholy which it inspires is grateful, rather than disagreeable to me. It gives me no pain to travel on the green roof of the dark mansion, whose chambers I must soon occupy; I often wander from choice, to a place where there is neither solitude nor society. Something human is there—but the folly, the vanities, the pretensions, the pride of humanity are gone. Men are there, but their passions are hushed and their spirits are still—malevolence has lost its power of harming—appetite is sated—ambition lies low, and lust is cold—anger has done raging, all disputes have ended, all revelry is over, the fellest animosity is deeply buried, and the darkest sins are deeply confined by the thickly piled clouds of the valley: vice is dumb and powerless, and virtue is waiting in silence for the voice of the Archangel and the trump of God."

VIRTUE.

Virtue is the daughter of Heaven; happy they who cultivate it from their infancy; they pass their youth in serenity, their manhood in tranquillity, and their old age without remorse; there is nothing in this world fit to be compared to it; all its wishes and desires tend to celestial enjoyments, which are not liable to a change.—The virtuous man looks back upon his past conduct without regret, because his fate cannot be unhappy. His mind is the seat of cheerfulness, and his actions are the foundation of felicity; he is rich amidst poverty, and no one can deprive him of what he possesses; he is all perfection, for his life is spotless; and he has nothing to wish for, since he possesses every thing.—Alexander was celebrated for his courage, Ptolemy for his learning, Trajan for his love of truth, Antonius for his piety, Con-

stantius for his temperance, Scipio for his continence, and Theodosius for his humility. O glorious virtue, which in some way or other, rewardest all thy admirers, and without whom there can be no real happiness.

FROM OCELLI'S REMAINS.

How blessed is the Christian, in the midst of his greatest troubles! It is true, we cannot say he is perfect in holiness; that he has never any doubts; that his peace of mind is never interrupted; that he never mistakes Providence; but, after all, his is a blessed condition; for he is supported under his trials, and instructed by the discipline; and, as to his fears, the evil under the apprehension of which he is ready to sink, frequently does not come, or it does not continue, or it is turned into a blessing.

MISCELLANY.

From the Trenton Emporium.

THE BEGGAR AND BANKER.

"Stand out of my way," said a rough, surly voice, under my window one day, as I sat musing over the bustling scenes below me, at my lodgings in Chesnut-street.

"Your honor will please to recollect," replied a sharp and somewhat indignant voice—"your honor will please to recollect that I am a beggar, and have as much right to the road as yourself."

"And I'm a Banker," was retorted still more gruffly and angrily.

Assessing at this strange dialogue, I leaned over the fence, and beheld a couple of citizens, in the position which a pugilist would probably designate squared, their countenances somewhat menacing, and their persons presenting a contrast at once ludicrous and instructive. The one was a purse-proud, lordly-mannered man—appareled in silk, and protecting a carcass of nearly the circumference of a hog's head; and the other a ragged and dirty, but equally impudent and self-important personage; and from a comparison of their countenances, it would have puzzled the most profound M. D. to determine which of their rotundities was best stored habitually with good victuals and drink.

Upon a close observation, however, of the countenance of the Banker, I discovered, almost as soon as my eye fell upon it, a line bespeaking something of humor and awakened curiosity; as he stood fixed and eyeing his antagonist; and this became more conspicuous when he lowered his tone and asked—"How will you make that 'right' appear?"

"How," said the beggar, "why listen a moment, and I'll learn you—in the first place, do you take notice, that God has given me a soul and body just as good for all the purposes of thinking, eating, drinking, and taking my pleasure, as he has you—and then you may remember Dives and Lazarus just as we pass. Then again it is a free country, and here too, we are on an equality—for you must know that here even a beggar's dog may look a gentleman in the face with as much indifference as he would a brother. I and you have the same common master; are equally free; live equally easy; and are both travelling the same journey, bound to the same place, and both have to die and be buried in the end."

"But," interrupted the Banker, "do you pretend there is then no difference between a beggar and a banker?"

"Not in the least," rejoined the other, with the utmost readiness; "not in the least as to essentials. You swagger and drink wine in company of your own choosing—I swagger and drink beer, which I like better than your wine, in company which I like better than your company. You make thousands a day perhaps—I make a shilling perhaps—if you are contented, I am—we're equally happy at night. You dress in new clothes; I am just as comfortable in old ones; and have no trouble in keeping them from soiling; if I have less property than you, I have less care about it; if fewer friends, I have less friendship to lose; and if I do not make as great a figure in the world, I make as great a shadow on the pavement; I am as great as you. Besides, my word for it, I have fewer enemies; meet with fewer losses; carry as light a heart, and sing as many songs as the best of you."

"And then," said the banker, who had all along tried to slip a word in edgeways, "is the contempt of the world nothing?"

"The envy of the world is as bad as its contempt; you have perhaps the one, and I a share of the other. We are matched there too. And besides, the world deals in this matter equally unjust with us both. You and I live by our own wits, instead of living by our own industry; and the only difference between us, in this particular, worth naming, is, that it costs society more to maintain you than it does me—I am content with a little, you want a great deal. Neither of us raise grain or potatoes, or weave cloth, or manufacture any thing useful, we therefore add nothing to the common stock;—and if the world judged with strict impartiality, therefore it seems to me I would be pronounced the cleverest fellow."

Some passers by here interrupted the conversation. The disputants separated, apparently good friends; and I drew in my head, ejaculating somewhat in the manner of Alexander

in the play—is there then no more difference between a Beggar and a Banker?

But several years have since passed away; and now both these individuals have paid the last debt of nature. They died as they lived, the one a Banker and the other a Beggar. I examined both their graves, when I next visited the city. They were of similar length and breadth; the grass grew equally green above each; and the sun looked down as pleasantly on the one as on the other. No honors, pleasures, or delights, clustered round the grave of the rich man. No finger of scorn was pointed to that of the poor man. They were both equally deserted, lonely and forgotten! I thought too of the destinies to which they had passed; of that state in which temporal distinctions exist not; temporal honors are regarded nowhere pride and all the circumstances which surround this life, never find admittance. Then the distinctions of time appeared indeed as an atom in the sunbeam, compared with those which are made in that changeless state to which they both had passed.

SHIP OF WAR GETTING UNDER WAY.

"The arrival of the pilot put an end to this merry conversation, as the boatswain immediately piped 'All hands ahoy,' who had hardly time to scamper on deck, when, the first Lieutenant bawled through his speaking trumpet the command to 'loose sails,' which made the top-men spring to the rigging with redoubled alacrity. Our hero in this out-set of business, found himself in no small dilemma, between a willingness to be useful, and an ignorance of all duty; he was, therefore, with a motley herd of landsmen and marines, alternately the follower of the boatswain's mate and the sergeant, who, bustling about the deck before them, put the necessary ropes in their hands.

"Fore-top there—main-top there!" bawled the first Lieutenant. "Are you ready aloft?" which being answered in the affirmative, he immediately sung out 'Let fall! Sheet home!' and away scampered the deck-bands, helter-skelter, with the sheets, until the blocks smacked together. "Belay, belay, men!" cried the officer. "Man the capstan! Jump cheerily, my lads. Look out there, forward! Down there, tierers! Are you ready below?" "All ready, sir," "Yo, ho! where the devil has all our hands got to? Fore-top there! main-top there! Come down here, all of you! Master Ettercap and master Pinafore, kick every soul of them out of the tops—a parcel of skulking lubbers!" "Ay, ay, sir," cried the young gentlemen; and the capstan was speedily crowded. "Look out there, forward!" again bawled the first Lieutenant. "Come, my lads, pluck up a spirit, and off she goes—play up fier!" and round went the capstan to a good smart step, the men beating excellent time on the hollow sounding deck with their feet, amid the accumulated vociferations of officers of all ranks, who, with their potent commander in presence, vied with each other in the notes of alternate encouragement and ridicule. The anchor was no sooner run up to the cat-head, and fished, than the first Lieutenant gave, "Man the jib and top-sail halliards—hoist away!" The yards ascended, and the jib ran up its stay gaily; the top-gallant sails, royals, and sky-scrapers followed; and the Tottumfog thus gradually unfolding her white bosom to the breeze, was speedily under way, walking like one of our far-famed Prince's Street toasts, steadily through the fleet, in all the glory of new canvass, fresh paint, moderate wind, and fair weather.

She was now pretty well through the fleet, when the Captain called out. "Mr. Fireball—where is Mr. Fireball? Hark ye, youngster, jump and tell the gunner I want him directly!" The midshipman ran, and the gunner in an instant stood before his commander. "Mr. Fireball," cried the Captain from the top of the round-house, "I hope you are all ready, for you see we are very near the proper distance." "All ready, sir," answered the gunner, "I have only to unship the ports and run the guns out, which I can do in a trice." "Take a number of hands, then, and do so directly," said the Captain; "you know the sooner it is done the better—since we may all expect to be busy again bye and bye. Zounds! pilot, is not the wind chopping about?" "Yes, sir," answered the pilot, surveying the compass; "It has come round fully two points just now, and begins to blow fresh. In my opinion, sir, I think you had better douse your courses and small-sails—take a pull of the fore and main-braces, and get a hand in the chains."

"You hear what the pilots says, Mr. Fyke?" cried the Captain.

"Ay, ay, sir," answered the first Lieutenant, raising his speaking trumpet and springing forward. "Man the fore and main-clew-garnets—let go tacks and sheets—clew up!" And up went the courses to the yards, where they hung like drapery.

"Fore and main-tops there," cried the first Lieutenant. "Sir!" bellowed the tops.

"In royals and top-gallant sails!" which, while executing, was next followed with a command for the captains of the tops 'to send a hand each aft to the chains.'—"Ay, ay, sir," answered both captains, leaning over the top-sails.

"I'm all ready now, sir," cried the gunner, advancing to the Captain.

"Ah! very good, Mr. Fireball," replied the Captain, looking astern with his glass. "Stand by then, and be on the alert, for I will give you the word directly; and hark ye, old boy, mind you commence with your lee guns, and measure your time well: I think that always the best plan, for it makes your weather ones tell a thousand times better."

The gunner assenting, went forward.

"By the mark seven!" sung the men in the chains, "Steady," cried the pilot to the quarter-master. "And steady it is," replied the man at the wheel.

"By the deep six!" sung the leadsmen again.

"Luff, boy, luff," cried the pilot; "and luff it is, sir," was the response.

"By the half-mark five!" again sung the leadsmen.

"Steady she goes, my lad—nothing off," said the pilot, with the usual reply.

"By the deep four!" continued the leadsmen; and the pilot immediately cried to the Captain,

"Bout ship, if you please, sir,—luff a little, my boy, luff a very little!"

While this conversation was going on, the most perfect silence had been maintained—all hands being on the alert and ready for duty. The first Lieutenant, therefore, once more raising his speaking-trumpet, now sung out—"Helm alee!" and the boatswain's pipe gave the usual trill which was instantly followed by, "Square the main-top-sail-yard—fore-castle there—shift over the jib, and haul aft the jib-sheet—man the fore and main-braces—haul off all!" These orders were all executed in far less time than they can possibly be enumerated; and round went the Tottumfog on another tack.

She was running athwart the narrow channel of the Swin, with her broadside to the fleet, when the Captain gave the word "Fire!" which was instantly obeyed, and all hands were immediately enveloped in the smoke of the salute, which the wind as speedily carried off to the Admiral. This piece of ceremony was immediately returned by the Admiral's ship. After one or two more tacks, the pilot declared his duty at an end; and after partaking of a slight refreshment, and receiving the necessary documents of the faithful discharge of his official duty, he wished Captain Swichem and all his officers a favorable cruise, jumped into his own boat, and took his leave; while the Tottumfog stood steadily to sea; and while also many a one on board, as the shore sunk in the horizon, said, with a certain poet yet alive,—

"My native land, good night!"

by then, and be on the alert, for I will give you the word directly; and hark ye, old boy, mind you commence with your lee guns, and measure your time well: I think that always the best plan, for it makes your weather ones tell a thousand times better."

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From the Boston Statesman.

A HAUNTED MAN.

"Come vidi, ancor non m'abbandonna."—Dante.
See,—he never leaves me.

MR. EDITOR,—In moments of suffering, great relief is derived from the communication of our woes to others and the return of their sympathy to us. Having long labored under an affliction and fearful dispensation, I derive some gleam of pleasure from the prospect of describing it to you. Without preface I am HAUNTED. There is a being, who continually follows me, and by its dreadful intrusions, its unseemly visitations, and its unwearied attendance, renders my life a scene of constant suffering and suspense. Your gay readers may imagine this apparition a Bore, a Dux, or a Country Cousin, and your romantic friends conclude it to be the Ghost of some unfortunate Lady, or slaughtered friend, or restless Ancestor. If you have ever read Lewis' tale of the spirit of the Frozen Ocean, Mr. Editor, you can conceive the horror of being attended constantly by such an unwelcome guest. At the first dawn of day, when young bellies open their blue eyes to new conquests, and beaux arouse to new aspirations of submission at their feet, I awake and find my unwearied companion seated in ghostly presence at my bedside. No persuasion can induce it to leave me, and when I issue to the labors of the day, it follows me like my shadow. I commence my daily occupations, but in the midst, for instance, of copying the invoice of the cargo of the Lovely Betsey, this unwelcome being leans by me at my desk and with malicious perseverance accompanies every trace of my pen. If I have to argue with a stevedore, negotiate with a lumper or enter an agreeable discussion with a truckman, this evil spirit joins in the dialogue and to all my reproaches against the occasional negligence and impertinence of that class of our friends seems to add in its hateful voice unheard but by me,—

What art thou better; meddling fool than they?

So tormented have I been by this fiend that I have tried every means of ridding myself of its eternal presence. Having heard much of the Red Sea as a receptacle of Ghosts, I attempted to drown the fearful apparition in Burgundy and St. Joseph, but the morning after having employed only two bottles, just half Lord Byron's quantum, I found the demon at its usual place, but with features even more horribly distorted than before. I then tried a voyage and shipped as supercargo in a Portland packet; but on going aboard I found the bad spirit reclining on the transom and at night it turned in with me to my berth, with demoniacal sociality. Last of all, Mr. Editor, I employed falling in love as a sovereign remedy and thought when in the company of blue-eyed Sophia, the cruel intruder would spare me, and wonderful to relate, this tormentor, who for 32 years has attended me constantly, disappeared for as many minutes, one charming evening when I was returning from a ball

with one unrepulsed arm encircling her sweet form. This absence was as short as happy, for a moment after I struck my pump-clad foot against a stone. Sophia made a heartless and unrefined remark on the character of an absent friend, and the author of all my suffering at once appeared by my side more distinctly than ever. This unwelcome intruder has never since left me. It is—MYSELF!

Proofs of the existence of the institution of Free Masonry among the North American Indians, prior to the discovery of the country by Columbus.

Yates and Moulton's History of New-York.

Those signs of free masonry which modern travellers have found, are also thought to be of Welsh origin. Travellers describe certain private societies among the Indians, which apparently resemble our lodges of free masons. Their rules of government and admission of members are said to be nearly the same. No one can be received as a member of the fraternity except by ballot, and a concurrence of the whole is necessary to a choice. They have different degrees in the order. The ceremonies of initiation, and the mode of passing from one degree to another, would create astonishment in the mind of an enlightened spectator. Is not this practice of European origin? In the early periods of English history, the knowledge of free masonry was mostly confined to the Druids; and Wales was more fruitful of this description of men than any other part of Europe. They were almost the only men of learning in those days; they executed the functions of priests, historians, and legislators. Those in Wales in particular, animated their countrymen to a noble defence of their liberties, and afforded so much trouble to the first Edward, that he ordered them to be barbarously massacred. This ferocious tyranny was carried into effect about the year 1282. Few only of the bards survived to weep over the miseries of their country.

But a similar institution, it is said, prevails among our Iroquois Indians. These have never been suspected to be of Welsh extraction. Still they may have derived the signs from these who were. We receive the information from Governor Clinton, to whom it was communicated by a respectable Indian preacher, who received the signs of the mystery from a Menonite chief. The institution, therefore, must be prevalent among the Menonites as well as other Indians. In this secret institution among the Indians, the members are very select. Among the Iroquois, the society consists of five Onondagas, two Cayugas, two St. Regis, six Senecas. They are said to have secret signs, and pretend that the institution has existed from eternity. The periods of their meetings is unknown; but they assemble once in three years, as deputies, under pretence of other business.

If the Welsh Indians could be identified as descendants of Madoc's colony, or if the Alligewi could be ascertained to have been Welsh, the discovered traces of civilization, Christianity, and the arts, might partly be referred to their instrumentality. But the pre-existence of inhabitants when Madoc is supposed to have arrived, the crowded population, (for instance in Ohio 700,000, as Mr. Atwater has conjectured,) which formerly swarmed over this continent, preclude the presumption that Madoc's colony (322 years only before Columbus) were the first settlers, or that they and their descendants were the sole constructors of all the mounds, temples, and fortifications that appear to have been erected. They may have contributed to swell the tide of population from the north of Europe; this is the opinion of De Lact, Hornius, and Mitchell, and may have aided in constructing the fortifications and works which bear so strong a resemblance to those of their own country. But limited must be the views that would circumscribe the origin of myriads who have swarmed over this continent, to the narrow confines of Wales.

Marriage Extraordinary.—At Stokesley, in York-shire, Eng. on the 24th ult. were married a diminutive youth, aged only sixteen, to a strapping dame of the age of fifty-five. The happy pair belonged to a factory, and on this occasion all business was at a stand. The town band preceded the nuptial procession to the sacred fane, playing *Come haste to the Wedding*, and other appropriate airs. After the indissoluble knot had been tied, the happy pair were borne in triumph in chairs round the town, preceded by the musicians, and followed by a concourse of spectators and guests. The ludicrousness of the scene was greatly heightened by the bridegroom, who is very diminutive in stature, being publicly shaved by the celebrated tonsor of the place, with a gigantic razor, 30 inches long!

At a dinner of the Richmond Light Infantry Blues at Buchanan's Spring, Capt. Wm. Finney gave the following—

"Old Bachelors: May the Devil get such as the Ladies don't take."

Now without any disposition to disparage that highly meritorious and (in our opinion) much to be envied class of gentlemen, we must inform Captain Finney that the great *Autocrit* is not to be put off with women's leavings. If we have formed a correct estimate of the delicacy of his appetite, he will have his "pick and choice" of beaux, husbands and dandies, and will not suffer himself to be fed with such dusty old garbage as "ladies won't take." With all due deference to Capt. Finney, we cannot help thinking, (considering the present depressed state of matrimonial commerce, the great glut of women in the market and scarcity of who desiring follows,) that such a bachelor as a woman would not take, the Devil would be ashamed to receive.—*Georgetown Metropolitan.*

FOREIGN.

Boston, July 21.

LATEST FROM EUROPE.

We received on Saturday, (18th inst.) by the ship *Topaz*, at this port, from Liverpool, London papers to June 11. They do not contain any news of importance. Parliament was still in session, and had been principally engaged in a great variety of business, most of which was of merely local interest, or of minor importance.

At the King's Drawing Room, June 9, Mr. John Adams Smith was presented by Mr. Canning on being appointed Chargé d'Affaires of the United States. The royal assent was on the 10th, given to more than ninety bills, that had passed the two Houses of Parliament. The Rev. Abraham Rees, D. D. editor of the *Cyclopædia*, &c. died in London on the 9th, in the 82d year of his age.

The British ship of the line *Wellfleet*, sailed from Lisbon May 25, for Rio Janeiro, to touch at Madeira, having on board Sir Charles Stuart and suite. Sir Charles Stuart is furnished with full powers, from the King of Great Britain, as Commissioner, Mediator, and Plenipotentiary, to put an end to the differences between Portugal and Brazil. He has concluded the negotiation with which he was charged in Portugal, and now proceeds to Brazil with a prospect of terminating the differences between the two countries in a manner consistent with the interests of both. *Weekly Messenger.*

A London paper states on the authority of letters from Demerara to March 30, that the weather continued dry, and it was estimated that the crops would be injured to the extent of one third. It is added as a report, that such was the want of water for drinking, that two puncheons of rum would be given for one of water.

The assemblage of Potentates at Milan, from which so much mischief had been predicted, was likely to turn out a mere rance show of titled ostentation, and effeminate luxury.—A feast of Comus.

In France every thing appeared absorbed in the fêtes and tournaments incident to the Coronation. One of the best effects of this costly but senseless ceremony, was the acts of amnesty to which it gave occasion. The prison doors had been literally thrown open.

Business and Improvement were the orders of the day in England.—In the short space of about three weeks, nearly one hundred bills passed the British Parliament, mostly for the incorporation of Companies to prosecute internal improvements. The policy of the Government continued as liberal as the nature of its complex organization would admit. The friends of the Catholic Emancipation in Ireland continued confident of ultimate success.

The accounts from Greece continued involved in some obscurity.—It was very evident that the Egyptian Commander had suffered a repulse in the *Morea*; but the statements of events in that quarter were so deeply colored by the mediums they had to pass through, that it is next to impossible to estimate the extent of the repulse, or its consequences on the campaign.—*Cent.*

One of the most prominent articles in the London Courier, is a letter from Milan, of May 20, giving an account of the distinguished personages then present in that city, and of the various illuminations, fêtes, &c. The Emperor and Empress of Austria, the King and Queen of Naples and the two Sicilies, the Archduchess Maria Louisa, (Donaparte's widow,) the Duke and Duchess of Modena, the Grand Duke of Tuscany, and others, too numerous to particularize, were "giving life" to the place. A general illumination had taken place, on which occasion two millions of colored lamps were displayed. The arena, holding fifty thousand people, seated, was filled to witness chariot and horse races. Above 100,000 people were collected in the Champ-de-Mars, for whom there was not accommodation in the amphitheatre. A grand ball was given, and the Emperor and Empress, "promenaded amongst the company, and conversed most graciously with the individuals known by them."

On the 8th of June, the Lord Mayor of London gave a grand ball and dinner at Egyptian Hall, which had been repaired and splendidly embellished for the purpose. The company sat down to dinner at 7 o'clock. At half past ten, 1500 of the evening company were assembled, when dancing commenced which was continued to a late hour.

"The celebrated Letter of Columbus," which was long supposed to be lost, and which was unknown to Dr. Robertson when he wrote the History of America, had been sold to the Duke of Buckingham, for \$12,000. It is the first tract ever published in America.

The affairs of the royal beggars and bankrupts produce considerable excitement both in and out of Parliament. Some animated discussion had taken place on the propositions to "keep up royal dignity," by increasing the duchess of Kent's income, 6000*l.* to allow her to educate her infant daughter; and to add the like amount to the duke of Cumberland, for the support and education of his son. The Duke has already an income of 19,000*l.* and lives abroad, where that sum is equal to 30,000*l.* Sir Isaac Coffin said, in the House of Commons, he thought it would become ministers to bring forward a proposition for the payment of the heir-apparent's debts. It was a fact that his royal highness owed 12,000*l.* to his tailor, not a farthing of which could he get. A morning paper says, when the duke of York dined on Monday at the Ascot races, a sheriff's officer seized his royal highness's horse and that of his groom, on execution.

missioners, eight boys had been so severely punished that their persons were found by one of the Commissioners in a shocking state of laceration and contusion. The mighty offence alleged against these boys was looking at two men who were playing at ball; and even of this trivial offence only two were guilty, the other six having been punished to gratify a revengeful feeling on the part of the other, who suspected (though unjustly) that these boys had complained of him to the Commissioners on their first visit. But it would be only to check unnecessarily the feelings of our readers to adduce further instances. As to the knowledge communicated in these schools, some idea may be formed of its value and extent, by the following statement of Sir John Newport, on examining the two head classes of the school of which we have been speaking, that of Stradbally, which consisted of about twenty boys of 13, 14 and 15 years of age. "They were found able to repeat (says Sir John Newport) the catechism and the expositions of it correctly, but attached little or no meaning to the words they repeated. Seventeen of them declared that they had never heard of St. Paul, and half of them had no idea whether the word 'Europe' meant a man, a place, or a thing; and only three boys in the school could name the four-quarters of the world. Only two of them appeared ever to have heard of Job; and only one could give any account of his history." *Boston Courier.*

SPAIN.—The intend-general of police issued a decree, May 26, to suppress the plots still carrying on by the Revolutionists, and enemies to the King. No person of whatever rank shall speak in an insulting manner of his majesty's measures; keepers of hotels and boarding-houses shall hinder political discussions in their houses; no person shall receive, copy, or read, letters or pamphlets, on political subjects, on pain of a fine of 100 ducats. The same fine is imposed on every one who attends a public or private meeting where the measures of government shall be directly or indirectly criticised. *Id.*

THE NIGER.—"Termination—the Sea."—The *Dumfries Courier*, of last Tuesday, contains and conveys this satisfactory, pleasing, but to us certainly not unexpected intelligence:—Lieutenant Clapperton of the R. N., a native of Annam, one, and we believe the only survivor, of the four individuals lately sent to explore Central Africa, has reached Monrovia, the capital of Fezzan, on his return from the interior.—In a hasty letter written to his relatives, and dated in the town mentioned on the 26th December last, he states the important facts, namely, that the Niger is not evaporated in burning sands or in low swamps; that it does not flow into and is lost in an interior lake; but that it pursues its course to and terminates in the sea. *[Glasgow Courier, April 21.]*

DOMESTIC.

Thomaston, (Me.) July 19.

TORNADO.—On Wednesday last, the town of Cushing, (Lincoln county,) was visited by a tornado, accompanied with rain and hail. Many of the hailstones were nearly as large as the half of a hen's egg, and did much damage to the grain and corn. In some fields the crops were entirely destroyed; even the standing grass was in many instances much injured. Cattle exposed to it were considerably bruised. The windows in the north-west side of the buildings within its range, were all shattered to pieces. We counted 225 panes of glass broken by the hail on one side of the Meeting-house, there being but about half a dozen panes left unbroken. The Pulpit-window was wholly stove in. The wind blew with great violence for a few minutes, overturning the fences and scattering the rails along its course; twisting off the limbs of some trees and prostrating others, doing much damage to several wood lots. It blew down a number of buildings, the principal of which were two barns belonging to Capt. Wm. Parsons and one belonging to Mr. James Young. Capt. Parsons, his son, Lawrence Parsons, and two other persons, being at the time in one of his barns, were buried beneath its ruins; but fortunately escaped without much injury. Lawrence was in the act of backing a yoke of oxen out of the barn when it fell. Both oxen had their horns broken, and one of them his fore leg, and it was found necessary to kill it. They were both considerably bruised otherwise. Doct. Cyrus Hills had a new barn completed the day before, partly filled with hay, which was blown down and some of the pieces carried to the distance of 30 or 40 rods. Mr. Job Gay's barn was moved 6 or 8 feet, and much wrecked. It was stopped by a large immovable rock against which it struck.

The wind blew with such power that those who were exposed to it were raised from the ground. Horses and cattle were blown down. A calf was carried a distance of 40 or 50 rods; and an ox-cart of Mr. Gay's was blown to the distance of 8 or 10 rods, and lodged bottom upwards upon a fence.

The principal damage sustained was within the range of about three-quarters of a mile in width, and extending three or four miles in length. Its course was about north-west. The greatest sufferers from the destruction of glass, crops, wood, and fences, were Wm. Parsons, C. Hills, Job Gay, Enoch Wentworth, T. Jameson, Jacob Genthner, Isaac & Henry Robinson, Samuel Payson, John Freeman, and Mrs. Mary Robinson. *Register.*

Bangor, July 21.

On Tuesday, 12th inst. an Indian of the name of Pool, (commonly called Colonel Pool,) was examined before Thomas Bartlett, Esq. at Orono, on the complaint of—Knights, that on the 4th of October last, at a place called Arnostic, the said Pool, with a knife, stab the said Knights with intent to kill and murder him. Knights showed several scars, one on the shoulder, one on the breast, and one on the head or neck, as we understand. Owing to circumstances which (in our opinion) require explanation, no person appeared to cross-examine the complainant and sole witness, (they being in the woods on a hunting-party at the time of the fracas)—we have not heard the particulars of the examination, but the event was an order of commitment without bail or main-prize till the sitting of the Supreme Court in this County in June next.

On Wednesday, the Indian was questioned in goal by several gentlemen, and on his complaint under oath, a warrant was granted against Knights for shooting the said Indian with intent to murder him, at the same time and place. (Oct. 4th.) The Indian

showed the scars of a gunshot wound.—It appeared that two balls and several shot had entered his back just below the right shoulder blade, and that at least one of the balls had come out just below the right breast—some of the shot were to be felt under the skin on the breast. The sheriff fell in with Knights at Orono ferry, and mentioned to him his having a warrant against him, but suffered him to continue his journey to Bangor in Mr. Chick's stage wagon—having arrived at Bangor, Knights paid his bill and took himself off.—The Indian has since been bailed out of goal.—*Bangor Reg.*

POLICE COURT.—Thursday morning, Ellen Kent, wife of Michael Kent, was examined on the charge of having murdered a domestic in her family, named Margaret Nowland. The complaint was made by Thomas Badger, one of the coroners of the city. The defendant appeared to be a person habituated to intoxication. From the testimony it appeared that the murdered woman was a mother, and supposed to have a husband, who was absent.—The neighbors were first alarmed by some small children, who said that Mrs. Kent was whipping Peggy. They went into the cellar of the defendant's house—saw Margaret lying on the floor in great distress. She was asked who had beaten her, and made no answer.—When asked if Mrs. Kent had beat her, she said, Yes. She was then asked if Mrs. Kent beat her with the *faux*, but made no answer, till the question was repeated, and then said, Yes. The tongs were lying on a bench in the cellar. It was stated that a noise was heard in the cellar of women quarrelling, and of long or shovel falling on the floor. The deceased died in about two hours after the alarm and never spoke except as above stated. Two physicians were examined, who stated that the death appeared to have been caused by a blow on the left temple, and with some round instrument, as the skin was not broken. The skull was not fractured, but a considerable quantity of coagulated blood was found on the brain. The prisoner was committed to take her trial at the Supreme Court in November next. Kent and his wife, and the deceased, were foreigners.—*Boston Courier.*

ORGANIC REMAINS.—Our enterprising fellow-citizen, Mr. Samuel Schofield, has discovered from the low prairie grounds between Plaquemine and the Lakes, a number of remains of the most gigantic size. They evidently belong to some class of animals now no longer in existence; whether ante-diluvian or not, we are unable to say. The *Elephas mastodon*, or American Mammoth, described by Dr. Mitchell, is inferior in size to these bones we have seen. From the circumstance of *ambergis* being collected in some quantity from the interior surface of the *maurillia* bone, we are led to the conclusion that they are of marine origin—but of what description, we are unable to conjecture. Upon examining these remains, we are easily led to give credit to the extraordinary relations given by Father Kircher, of the Kraken and Norway sea-serpent. This non-descript, when alive, must have equalled either of them in bulk.

The cranium is described as twenty-two feet in length, four feet high, nine inches thick, and its weight as twelve hundred pounds. To judge, from the appearance of this portion of the cranium which we have seen—if this monster was of the *Batana* species, his length could not be less than two hundred and fifty feet. It is stated that from this place, where these remains were discovered, a large carnivorous tooth was found, and has been carried away. It is also related, that in the year 1789, many remains of ante-diluvian creation were taken up near this same place, and shipped to Europe. Mr. Schofield feels the most perfect conviction that he could, at a slight expense, collect many more. Every friend of science must feel highly interested in his exertions. We heartily wish him success; and have no doubt that the liberality and munificence of the citizens of New-Orleans will assist him in his praiseworthy exertions. *[Louisiana Gazette, June 17.]*

Ingenious Villany.—Two brothers from the county of Stokes, (N. C.) Edward and Thompson Slaughter, were returning from South Carolina, and being out of Cash, they fell upon the following expedient to supply their wants:—Ned, who has a remarkably curled head of hair, and a flat nose, was painted black, and swamped by his brother to a gentleman near the South Carolina line, for a little negro boy, getting in the exchange a sum of money. Thompson moved on his journey, and Ned remained with his new master a day or so; he then, to use his own words, "washed out, and came on." This affair came to light by the confession of Ned, who became displeased with his brother for engrossing the whole spoil, and let the matter out.—*Western Carolinian.*

The following are the charges against Commodore Porter, now on his trial at Washington:

The first charge is Disobedience of Orders, and conduct unbecoming an Officer; the Specification alleges that Capt. Porter, in violating the territory of His Catholic Majesty, the King of Spain, by landing troops, in a hostile manner, and by committing divers acts of hostility there, acted in contravention of the Constitution of the United States, and of the Laws of Nations, as well as in opposition to his instructions.

The second charge is—Insubordinate conduct, and conduct unbecoming an Officer; and the various Specifications embraced in this charge, allege, that he has written and sent letters of a disrespectful character to the President of the United States and to the Secretary of the Navy, by which he has violated the respect due from Officers to the head of the Department, and has derogated the discipline of the Navy; that he has published a pamphlet of the proceedings, before such publication was authorized by the Executive; that he has given to the world partial and incorrect statements of the proceedings; and has also published official communications to the Government, and correspondence of an official character, and orders and instructions which he has received from the Department.

Lafayette's Land.—Colonel McKee, who was deputed to select a township of land for General LAFAYETTE, has fixed upon township No. 1, north in range No. 1, east, which joins Tullahoma. The township, the *Pensacola Gazette* says, is considered to be one of the best in the territory, and its worth is estimated at from 150 to \$300,000. We should think the value of the land is overrated, however we might wish it otherwise.—*National Intelligencer.*

Lafayette's Township.—It is stated that some German of Ohio who has examined the township of land granted to the Guest by Congress, have agreed to offer him half a million of dollars for it.—*Bon.*

Mr. HORACE SHEPARD, son of the late Timothy Shepard, Esq. of Newtown, a young gentleman in destitute circumstances, is the fortunate owner of part of the Ticket which drew a capital prize of twenty thousand dollars in the Union Canal Lottery, drawn on the 15th inst. at Philadelphia.

THE OBSERVER.

PARIS, (ME.) THURSDAY, JULY 28, 1825.

NEWS—of late, is a very scarce article. Perhaps there never was a time when the Editors, had so hard a task to fill our papers. Our "mail papers are dull," we have no advertisements; and if we attempt to write a paragraph, we soon obliterate what we have written "by the sweat of our brow;" so that our compositors could not decipher it, and the remainder of the sheet, ink would not adhere to. Thus, courteous reader, we are situated; and perhaps called on two or three times a day, by some of our subscribers, who say, "our paper is very dull.—It contains no news.—I must stop my paper, for there is nothing remarkable in it.—Why don't you get more news into your paper?—While the weather is so warm that I can't work, I should like to have a good newspaper, &c.—with a long string of complaints; little thinking that we, poor printers, don't feel the heat as well as they; and supposing, as they agreed to pay us two dollars a year for our paper, that they might have the liberty to school us every week, merely because we don't fill it with that which is not to be found in the market.

"THE WEATHER."—On looking at the Editorial head of almost every paper that comes to hand, we find the first article headed "The Weather;" and, not to be wholly out of the fashion, we thought it well enough to have our appropriate niche filled with something of this kind. Some days, the heat has been "extreme;"—very hot—"remarkably warm;"—insupportable—"almost intolerable;"—surfeiting—"like the mouth of an heated oven;"—unaccountably hot—"and so forth, and so forth, and so forth."

Almost every Editor is now complaining of his task in making an excuse for the barrenness of his paper. On account of the "weather," those who live in cities, have been, or have now gone "Ten days in the country;"—"A journey down East;"—"A visit to the seat of Government;"—"A ride into the country;"—"To cold Springs;"—"to take a peep at the West;"—or to some other place, we have now forgotten, to screen themselves from the heat or to shake themselves from the dust of the town. But we poor Editors, who live in the country, are obliged to "stand and bear it," although the sun should shine with ten fold splendor. We cannot enjoy the delightful sea-breezes, nor the refreshing salt water baths. We have no Ice-Creams, nor Soda Establishments. But here we are, and here we must be, if we never even smell salt water, or enjoy any of these luxuries; for, could our labor be dispensed with, for a week or two, from our neighborhood, (which is very doubtful,) alas! and alackaday, we have none of the one thing needful to help us to town. This assertion, our paper-maker, (who by the way, is a very clever fellow for one of his profession,) will attest to, together with the workmen of our office, who have gone home with empty pockets, every Saturday night for a year past. Therefore we must grin and bear it, though our skin blisters by the heat of the sun.

NEWS EXPECTED.—The Commissioners appointed by the President of the United States, to examine certain charges brought against Hon. Mark L. Hill, closed their session on Thursday evening last. We shall hear by-and-by their report. Let it be which way it may, we guess it will disappoint some folks.

MAINE CONFERENCE.—This Conference closed its session at Gardiner, (Me.) on the 12th instant. Bishops George, Soule and Hedding were present. There are nearly seven thousand communicants within the bounds of this Conference. The increase during the last year, was nearly five hundred. It has fifty travelling preachers, and probably about two hundred local ones. This Conference recommends that the second Wednesday in September next, be observed by the Methodists composing it, as a day of fasting and prayer, to beseech the Great Lord of the harvest, to raise up and send forth more laborers into his vineyard, and to restore to health their afflicted brethren.

NEW CHURCH IN PROVIDENCE.—The corner-stone for the new Universalist Church in Providence, (R. I.) was laid with appropriate ceremonies, on Monday the 18th instant.

NEW CHURCH IN BOSTON.—The fourth Baptist Church in Boston, have purchased a site, on which they are about to erect a Church, at the corner of Milk and Federal-streets.

RATHER SINGULAR.—A writer in the Boston Courier, in making an estimate of the money received by the "Dearborn Family," put down the sum of four thousand, four hundred dollars to Seth Gay, Esq. Postmaster of Gardiner, whom the writer says is son-in-law to Gen. Dearborn. This was of course, news to Mr. Gay; as we have been informed that he always suspected he had another man's daughter for his wife.

A LARGE STORY.—Some parts of the skeleton of an unknown animal has been discovered about twenty miles below Fort St. Philip, on a bayou, leading to the Mississippi; one horn, 18 feet long, weighing one thousand, pounds! besides several bones. Now we should think, at present, that this horn must be something like the man's musketoes; many of them would weigh a pound—not a piece.

REMARKABLE NEWS.—The New-York State Prison in Auburn, was visited and broken open by a thief or thieves. They made their way nearly into the heart of the prison, and stole from the tailor's shop, several articles of clothing. They were rather a hard hearted set of fellows, not to have liberated their friends confined here.

JOHN PAUL JONES.—The life of this distinguished Naval Hero, by the present Register of the Navy, has just issued from the press, in New-York. It contains several of his original letters never before published. It is spoken of in very high terms.

MAIDEN TURNIDE.—It was stated, some time since, that this lady was about to make her residence in the City of New-York. She has been in that city, but has now gone to Philadelphia, where she intends to take up her future abode.

SINGULAR.—By the Providence papers we learn that there is not a criminal confined within the walls of their County Goal, for any crime whatever. But several persons, who were so unfortunate as to be in debt, are in durance vile.

A NEW THING UNDER THE SUN.—A sign-post of hewn stone, thirty-two and a half feet in length, and twenty-seven feet of it above the ground, has been erected at Fall River village, (Mass.) Its form is octagonal, and its diameter about fourteen inches. We hope that the fare in the house, is as substantial, as not as solid, as the sign-post.

Among the toasts drunk at our late Anniversary, we could not admire the wit in the following, given at Mendon, (Mass.):

The INFANT opposition to the new Administration.—Just four months old this day—poor child! he complains most bitterly, but can't tell what ails him.

The following toast was drunk at Thomaston, by the FREE MASONS, on the festival of St. John the Baptist:

The Fair Sex.—They require not the adventitious aid of mystic institutions to incline them to acts of charity;—their hearts are the Lodges where virtue presides.

The following was drunk by the ladies, at a like celebration, at Bristol, (Conn.) We think it much to the point:

The Great Masonic Honey.—May it have fewer drones, less buzzing and more honey.

For the benefit of our Fair readers, we have collected the following toasts, which were drunk in different parts of the country at the late celebration of American Independence:

In Raleigh, (N. C.) Woman.—Rich and varied are nature's gifts to man; but without lovely woman, the rest would be joyless and insipid—with her he is independent of them all.

In Richmond, (Vir.) Virginia's fair Daughters—with but one fault: They pierce the hearts of their friends: May they administer the balm of matrimony.

In Fredericksburg, (Vir.) The American Fair.—They are near and dear to us, although absent.

In Dudley, (Mass.) The Fair.—Their love is the only blessing to man that survives his misfortunes—their virtue arms the patriot in the hour of danger. May their smiles, interwoven with the laurels of victory, be his reward.

By the Washington Society, in Boston. Woman's Smiles.—The joy of infancy, the hope of youth, the fruition of manhood, the solace of age.

In Petersburg, (Vir.) The Fair.—If choice love should go in quest of beauty, where should he find fairer than in them? If pious love should go in quest of virtue, where should he find it purer than in them?

By the State Artillery at Philadelphia. Our wives and sweethearts.—May they prove the mothers of heroes. 'Without the smile from partial beauty won; Oh! what were men? a world without a sun.'

At Hartsfield, (Penn.) The fair Sex: Their smiles stimulate us to perform noble actions: their love repays us for all our toil and care.

At Winchester, (Conn.) The American Fair.—"The divine right of Beauty is the only one which an American ought to acknowledge; and a pretty woman the only tyrant which he is not authorized to resist."—Jencks.

We might still have added to the list, but not wishing to fatigue our fair friends, we dismiss the subject.

The Stamford News, an English Journal of respectability, has the following remarks on the late Presidential Election. There are few papers under a monarchical government, bold enough to give expression to similar sentiments.

Rich. Inquirer.

A CONTRAST.—John Quincy Adams, President of the United States, is the son of the second President that ever ruled over America, the well known and peaceful successor of Washington—the Numa of the United States; and if we may judge from the principles which he has taken the first occasion of testifying, he is well worthy of the honor which such an elevation confers. The manly plainness and simplicity of the form of his inauguration deserves notice.

Think of the childish ceremonies, the idle pageantry, the ridiculous mummeries, the holy oil, the feathers, furs and frippery of a coronation in Europe, as contrasted with this dignified scene! At Washington, in the capitol, Mr. Adams, in a plain suit of black, ascends the Speaker's chair, pronounces his address to his fellow-citizens, walks to the table of the Judges, and on a volume of the laws of the U. States, reads his oath of office; and thus the magistrate of a mighty State is installed. "Look on this picture, and then on that." If, as Englishmen, we blush at the comparison in one respect, we feel a glow of exultation in another, at the thought of the superior wisdom and truer greatness of that country, which owes, at any rate, its birth to ours. America is the child of England, and is, perhaps, destined to perpetuate the memory of its parent, who should feel nothing like envy and jealousy at the endowments of its illustrious offspring, and still less exhibit any thing like derision at the imperfections of her incipient constitution and policy, whilst here we are submitting to such things as the six acts; the tithing system, a standing army, and an enormous taxation; and our neighbors, the Irish, to military law and religious persecution. We even ought to beg of the Americans to forgive our haughty airs of superiority; to forget, while they contemplate with just pride their well organized navy, that Mr. Canine ever talked of their 'few fir frigates and bits of strip-

ed burling;' he has more occasion than they to regret this piece of flippancy; it was one of those unlucky jokes of his which so often fly back into his face, till he has been ready, we dare say, a hundred times, almost to bite off his tongue for having uttered it. It is high time for that Right Honorable Gentleman to lay aside his ancient situation of jester, and think more of cultivating the statesman-like qualities which he certainly possesses in no ordinary degree.

QUACKERY. We cannot refrain from expressing our satisfaction, that editors of Newspapers in different places are paying some attention to the Indian-Tobacco-Cayenne-Pepper-hot-stone-Doctors, who have of late become formidable, at least in numbers, in the N. E. States—because we think humanity and the public good require that their doings should be made more generally known.

Indian-Tobacco-Doctors, it seems, are easily manufactured from the rawest materials, and almost in the twinkling of an eye. Let an ignorant man (and but few others will be imposed upon in this way) purchase Thompson's patent right to kill by sweating, and he has a complete key to all the arcanæ of the healing art. The more ignorant blockhead the better, provided he has sense enough to follow the directions of the patent or patentee. If he can administer Lobelia, Cayenne, and hot stones, he is then a Sweating Doctor at once, and may immediately commence his attack upon fever, ague, hypochondria, rheum, or gout. We lately had our reasoning faculties and patience tried by one of Thompson's disciples attempting to convert us to his faith and practice—and this too, by a very good sort of a man, (although credulous in this case,) a man, however, every way better qualified to till the ground than to officiate as a physician. A Physician in Rochester, says the Keene Sentinel, calls upon all persons to come to him, and at a single lesson he will give such information and such receipts as to enable "every man to become his own doctor," especially in curing "liver complaints, fever, sore eyes, or blindness," &c. &c. and he might have added—and make the simple, in their own estimation, wise.—Greenfield Gaz.

THUNDER STORM.—A gentleman who was passenger in the stage from Amherst to Northampton on the evening of the 12th inst. informs us, that when the stage was about 3 miles from Amherst, they were overtaken by a most terrific thunder shower. The darkness, between intervals of the most vivid lightning, was so profound, that it was utterly impossible to proceed, and the stage was providentially stopped on the verge of a bank, when another step would have dashed it to pieces. At this period the lightning was literally playing round the coach, the horses were taken from it, and the passengers left it for the open air, though the rain was then falling in torrents. The driver went on horseback in pursuit of light and assistance, but had scarcely gone two rods from the coach when he cried for help. The passengers immediately proceeded to his assistance, and by the lightning, discovered, off the road, the driver and his horse on the ground, the horse lying at his length, and one leg of the rider under him. From this perilous situation, with much labor and difficulty, he was released. Had the horse made an exertion to rise he must inevitably have crushed the driver to death; and nothing but overpowering fright from the awfulness of the moment, kept the animal from an attempt to rise.—Boston Courier.

A meeting of the Penobscot Tribe of Indians was held at Old Town on Tuesday last week. The President and one of the Directors of the Society attended and made propositions to the Indians relative to a school, &c. We regret that they were not able to make such arrangements as they proposed; but hope they will succeed better after the Indians have maturely considered the matter.

It was pleasant and rare to see Mr. Smith, an "orthodox" or Calvinistic Minister, Mr. Crafts, an Unitarian Minister, and Mr. Byrnes, a Roman Catholic Priest, engaged in friendly and social conversation, principally with a view to the improvement of the Indians. Among the spectators were Mr. Lincoln, Member of Congress from the County of Oxford, and several other gentlemen, strangers.—Bangor Reg.

LOST.—A young man by the name of John Delano, engaged in a surveying company on Township No. 4, East side of Penobscot river, complaining of indisposition, left the party at about 10 o'clock on Tuesday morning the 12th inst. to go to the house of a settler, distant about six miles. The rest of the party returned to the house on Tuesday, and finding the young man had not arrived, they, with several numbers of others, went in search of him for several days, but were unable to find him, nor is there yet any accounts of him.—It is but too probable that his indisposition increased, that he got lost and died in the woods.

Accident.—Killed in Palmyra, on the 7th inst. by the fall of a tree, Mr. James Noyes, formerly of Cumberland, in the County of Cumberland. He was engaged in falling trees a mile from any inhabitants. A jury of inquest was summoned by Capt. Seward Corson, Coroner, who returned a verdict of accidental death. Mr. Noyes was highly respected by his acquaintance, and his death is much lamented by all who knew him.

LINCOLN COUNTY CONVENTION. At the County Convention held in Nobleboro' on the 5th instant, Hon. EPHRAIM HERRICK was unanimously nominated as a candidate for Representative to Congress from Lincoln District, and the Hon. Messrs. Jonas Wheeler, Stephen Parsons, Nathaniel Green, and Josiah Stebbins, as candidates to represent the County of Lincoln in the Senate of Maine.

COMMUNICATION. MR. BARTON, As, possibly, some of my friends may again think of placing me in nomination as a candidate for the Senate in Oxford, will you have the goodness to inform any such, through the Observer, that, while I gratefully appreciate their kind and partial feelings towards me, I must request to be excused from again being put in nomination. Respectfully, Your obed't serv't, JAMES W. RIPLEY. Fryeburg, July 16, 1825.

TO CORRESPONDENTS. We would inform "C." the lines relating to Lovell's Fight, have been received; but, the communication of "P." in the Portland Advertiser, which we have been requested to publish, will supersede them. The productions of "FIDELIO," and "CONTINUA," shall appear next week; also the favor of "ZIMMO."

A Convention of the Republicans of Oxford County, will be holden at the Court-house in Paris, on Wednesday the 24th day of August next, at 6 o'clock, P. M. for the purpose of designating the Candidates for Senators, &c. for said County the ensuing year. Each town and plantation will send one Delegate—and such towns as send a Representative, will send two each. By order of the County Committee. July 14.

DIED. In this town, the 23d inst. Mrs. BESSEY, aged 80 years; wife of Mr. John Bessey. She went to a neighbor's on an errand, and was found dead in the road soon after she left the house. She has left an husband, six children, forty-eight grand-children, and forty-five great-grand-children. Memento mori.

In Norway, Mr. Isaac Chute, aged 32. His death was caused by habitual intemperance. In Philadelphia, on the morning of the 12th inst. Lieut. Walter Abbot of the Navy of the United States. In the action between the Chesapeake and Shannon, he was wounded by a musket ball, which entered the ear, passed obliquely downwards and backwards, and lodged in the substance of the temporal bone. The consequence of his wound was paralysis of the side of his face corresponding with the injury, severe and continued pain in the head; and a purulent discharge from the wound. His general health has been gradually sinking for the last year. He bore his sufferings with his characteristic firmness.

In Baltimore, Mr. Peter Weary, in his 100th year. He has, at length, gone "where the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest."

In Rochester, Mr. Paul Greene, aged 21. He was at work with two others in a field, when the shower on Monday last week commenced, and while running to a neighboring house for shelter, fell and expired.

At Danvers, of consumption, Mrs. Sally Stetson, wife of Mr. Seth Stetson, aged 45. At the Almshouse, in Danvers, June 4, Mr. John Croel, aged 97 years and 11 months.

In Hebron, N. Y. a son of Mr. David L. Lytle, aged 13; killed by the horses running away with a wagon. He jumped out, but got entangled with the gear, and was dragged half a mile with his head on the ground.

In Newburyport, on Tuesday last week, Mr. Thomas Pressley, aged about 45. He was engaged in moving during the intense heat of the day, and feeling insupportably warm, drank freely of cold water; he reached his house, but died in three hours after.

HEBRON ACADEMY. THE Fall Term in Hebron Academy, will commence on the 17th day of August next, under the tuition of Mr. SIMON PERKINS, A. B. who taught the school the last term, much to the satisfaction of the Superintending Committee, and of the students; therefore, youths of both sexes, whose object is instruction on moderate terms, are again invited to this Seminary. JOHN TRIPP, Secretary. July 19, 1825. 56 3w

Young Scholar's First Book. JUST published and for sale at the Oxford Bookstore,

THE YOUNG SCHOLAR'S FIRST BOOK; OR, GUIDE TO KNOWLEDGE. Being a book calculated for small children. The several instructresses in this vicinity are respectfully invited to call and receive a copy for examination. —ALSO FOR SALE—BALFOUR'S INQUIRY—second edition. July 21.

BLACKSMITHING BUSINESS. THE subscriber would respectfully inform the public, that he has taken the shop of Mr. Jacob JACKSON, and will carry on the

BLACKSMITHING BUSINESS in all its usual branches. Work of every description wanted in the country will be done at the shortest notice. EDGE TOOLS made and repaired. Customers will at all times find him at his shop, and no exertion will be spared to give perfect satisfaction. CYRUS B. NORRIS. Paris, July 16, 1825. 55 1f

SHERIFF'S SALE. TAKEN on Execution, and to be sold at Public Vendue, at the store of NATHANIEL HARLOW, Esq. in Buckfield, on SATURDAY the twenty-seventh day of August next, at three o'clock in the afternoon, all the right in equity, which SCOTT THOMAS, of Buckfield, in the County of Oxford, yeoman, has of redeeming a certain parcel or tract of Land, situated in said Buckfield, and being the whole of lot numbered thirteen in the fourth Range, and west Second division of lots in said Buckfield; containing one hundred acres, be the same more or less.

ISAIAH WHITTEMORE, Deputy Sheriff. Paris, July 16, 1825. 55 3w

SHERIFF'S SALE. TAKEN on Execution, and will be sold at Public Auction, on Saturday the 20th day of August next, at two o'clock, P. M. at the house of STEPHEN HEALIN, in Lovell—all the Right in Equity which MOSES HUTCHINS, of Lovell, has of redeeming the Farm on which he lives, in said Lovell, under the incumbrance of a mortgage to Saco Bank.

ANDREW McMILLAN, Deputy Sheriff. Fryeburg, 15th July, 1825.

MAINE CIVIL OFFICER. JUST published, and for sale at the Oxford Bookstore, THE MAINE CIVIL OFFICER, ON THE POWERS AND DUTIES OF Sheriffs, Coroners, Constables, and Collectors of Taxes; With an Appendix, Containing the necessary forms, and an abridgment of the law relative to the duties of CIVIL OFFICERS. BY JEREMIAH PERLEY, Author of the Maine Justice, &c. Price, \$1 25 cents. July 14.

LOOK AT THIS! BILLS on the HALLOWELL & AUGUS. TA Bank, signed "THOMAS AGRY, President,"—taken at a discount at the Oxford Bookstore. Paris, July 23.

POETRY.

FOR THE OBSERVER.

THE MAN OF SORROWS LAMENT.

I would not that one should weep,
When death consigns me to the tomb—
When o'er my soul descends that sleep,
That wakes to joy, or endless gloom:

Nor stone nor cypress mark the spot
Where death's dark banners wave;
Oh, let it even be forgot,
That God to me a being gave.

Let oblivion's waters sweep
Forever o'er my tomb;
Let my name be buried deep
In one eternal gloom.

Earth has not a joy for me;
All, all have proved untrue;
Youth, fortune, friends, and she
I loved so well, has left me too.

And I am a lonely wanderer here,
On life's tempestuous ocean,
Without a friend my course to cheer,
To calm the breast's commotion.

Oh, let the cause no one enquire,
That fix'd the poisoned dart;
'T would but enrage the baneful fire,
That burns within my heart.

'T were nought on earth can rend away
The serpents that are brooding there;
Come, O death! why dost thou stay?
Come, free my soul from dark despair!

Portland.

FOR THE OBSERVER.

Mr. Editor.—On reading the closing lines of "C," in your paper of June 30th, the two following lines of Pope occurred to my mind:

Aspiring to be gods, if angels fell,
Aspiring to be angels, men rebel.

Will "C" then "strive to mount" the throne of God,
His face behold and see his dreadful nod?
If the aspiring angels rebels were,
Will God view sinful man with face more fair?
I answer No. The case is plain to me—
The soul of man Omnipotence ne'er will see.
That there's a part of man feels no decay,
Acknowledg'd is immortal "C" does say.
Expanded views at death man's soul receives,
Is what this head and heart of mine believes.
Put fanatics of all religions try
To bound their realms with the unbounded sky;
But their ambitious views will down be hurl'd,
Their empires reach no farther than earth's world.
'T was God that did us first on earth create;
'T is God can raise us to first Adam's state—
And there can be his bounties to us send;
'T is earthly all we fully comprehend;
We see the works of his almighty hand;
His ways mysterious—who can understand?

O. P.

From Brainerd's Poems.

THE MANIC'S SONG.

I can but smile when others weep;
I can but weep when others smile.
O let me in this bosom keep
The secret of my heart awhile.
My form was fair, my step was light
As ever tripped the dance along;
My cheek was smooth, my eye was bright,
But my thought was wild, my heart was young.
And he I loved would laugh with glee,
And every heart but mine was glad;
He had a smile for all but me,
Oh! he was gay! and I was sad.
Now I have lost my blooming health,
And joy and hope no more abide,
And wandering fancies come by stealth
Like moonlight on a shifting tide.
They say I wept, when he was told
That I was sad and sorrowful—
That on my wrist the chain was cold—
That at my heart the blood was dull.
They fear I'm craz'd:—they need not fear,
For smiles are false and tears are true:
I better love to see a tear
Than all the smiles I ever knew.

From the Ladies' Literary Cabinet.

THE BLIND MOTHER.

I saw a Mother! in her arms
Her infant child was sleeping;
The mother, while the infant slept,
Her guardian watch was keeping.
Around its little tender form
Her snow-white arm was flung;
And o'er its little infant head
Her bending tresses hung.
"Sleep sweetly on, my darling babe,
My own, my only child!"
And as she spoke the infant woke,
And on its mother smil'd.
But oh! no fondly answering smile
The mother's visage grac'd,
For she was blind and could not see
The infant she embrac'd.
But now he lisped his mother's name;
And now the mother press'd
Her darling, much lov'd baby boy,
Unto her widow'd breast.
But sudden anguish seiz'd her mind,
Her voice was sweetly wild;
"My God," she cried, "but grant me sight,
One hour! to see my child!"
"To look upon its cherub face,
And see its father's there;
But pardon, if the wish be wrong,
A widow's mother's prayer!"
And as she spoke, her anguish grew
More loud, and still more wild;
And closer to her aching breast
She clasp'd her orphan child.

DUST WITH DUST.

When smoke arises from my pipe,
Thus to myself I say;
Why should I anxious be for life,
Which vanishes away.
The same snuff-box does declare,
The same idea just;
As if it silently would say,
Let's mingle dust with dust.

MATTHEW.

VARIETY.

GENERAL LEE—A DRAMA.

Characters of the Drama.

GEN. LEE—in a slovenly dress.
FARMER.
BETSEY—the farmer's daughter.
OFFICERS.

Scene.—A Farm-House in Watertown, Mass.

Farmer.—Come Betsey, stir up the fire and keep the pot boiling, for there is word that General Lee is passing along in his way to Concord. I'll be bound the soldiers will be dropping in: and they are ravenous creatures after a morning's march. Od zooks, these are dreadful days for a poor man to be cast in.

Betsey.—I'm sure, father, when the poor fellows are fighting for our liberty, you can't begrudge 'em a hearty dinner.

Farmer.—No, Betsey. I begrudge 'em nothing that I can give them, so long as they march with Washington at their head. I lost my right arm fighting by his side—and if so be my poor body should be deemed worthy to save his brave, honest heart from a British bullet, why, Betsey, I would e'en risk it, and trust you to the care of God, and him who has proved the father of his country and the poor man's friend. God bless him and all those who suffer for America. That ever the tears should come to my eyes when I think of laying down my unworthy life for his.

[Farmer goes out; and soon after Gen. Lee enters, looking like a man, slovenly officer.]

Gen. Lee.—The top of the morning to you, good woman. Can you give a soldier a draught of milk?

Betsey.—Where may you be bound, to-day?

Gen. Lee.—Why truly, good woman, this is a Yankee answer to my question; but if you will let me have some of the savory dinner that is cooking over the fire, I will tell you where we are going, and many stories about the Regulars beside.

Betsey.—I'd give a draught of milk to any body that followed the striped flag; but as for the matter of the dinner, I'm choosing to keep that warm for Gen. Lee. They say he's like a brother to Washington, and I can tell you he shall take nobody's leavings.

Gen. Lee.—That is right, my girl.—But if you will give me a hot dinner, I promise you Gen. Lee shall give you a hearty kiss for it.

Betsey.—I should be sorry to have General Lee hear such indecent discourse, you ill-mannered loon. But if you want a dipper of milk go and draw this pail full of water.

Gen. Lee.—It is light work to wait upon such a rosy checked damsel. [Takes the pail and goes out.]

[An officer rides up to the well.]

Officer.—Why, General, you are really at home, waiting upon the Farmer.

Gen. Lee.—Not quite so bad as that, neither. It is his pretty daughter who has made me her servant. She is very anxious to see Gen. Lee. She says I shall not have one mouthful of dinner until she is served; nor could I obtain even a draught of milk without earning it by drawing a pail of water.

[Laughs.]

Officer.—Now you see what it is, General, to wear a dirty, threadbare coat.—Who could know a lion if he was covered with a calf-skin?

Gen. Lee.—The girl is not to blame, sure enough; but wait here a few moments until I have coaxed a dinner from her, without letting her know that Gen. Lee is the beggar.

[Enters the Cottage with a pail of water.]

Betsey.—This is a pretty sort of work, sir. You have kept me waiting long enough to get six pails of water. Do you think I shall give you any thing to eat, lazy bones.

[A soldier throws himself off a horse and enters almost breathless.]

Soldier.—[Bowling.]—General Lee, the Regulars are half a mile below.—Hadn't the troops better be ordered to horse?

Gen. Lee.—Yes, yes—to horse instantly, I'll join you.

Betsey.—[Deeply blushing.]—Is it General Lee that I have been speaking such unbecoming words to before? I meant no harm, your honor; for nobody could have guessed you'd been a General.

Gen. Lee.—Well, my pretty lass, the mistake has done no harm. I cannot stop to eat the dinner you have been saving so nicely for me; but I'll give you the kiss I promised, and with it a word of advice: If ever you are tempted to choose a husband for the sake of his handsome coat, remember Gen. Lee.

A few years previous to the French revolution, a young lady, an orphan, of the age of seventeen, who was very rich, was married to a young man without fortune. They had lived in the most perfect happiness; and it was with the utmost astonishment, that their neighbors and friends heard of their intending, by mutual agreement, to take advantage of the new law of divorce; but their surprise was still greater when, two or three days after, they saw them married to each other again. The reason was, that the young lady's guardians, had only consented to the first union on condition that the lady's whole fortune should be secured to her; so that the husband could not engage in any beneficial use of the capital. The marriage was dissolved by the revolutionary law of divorce, and the lady, being made mistress of her fortune, being of age, she proved her liberality and gratitude by making her husband master of her whole property.

The number of births in Paris, in the year 1823, amounted to 27,070, and the deaths during the same year were 25,500; the consequent increase was 1,570. According to the returns made, there were 434 more boys than girls born. The deaths in 1823 were as follows:—15,293 at their residences, 8,227 in the hospitals, 661 in the military, 72 in prison, and 267 at the morgue. During the year, there were, 6,280 marriages between bachelors and spinsters, 332 between bachelors and widows, 1680 between widowers and spinsters, and 212 between widowers and widows, amounting in the whole to 7,504. There were consumed in the same year, 76,018 oxen, 10,394 cows, 74,006 calves, 363,048 sheep, and 890,592 pigs and wild boars.

To prevent Hail Storms.—The London Courier gives the following piece of information:

A gentleman now on the Continent writes, that the whole country in the neighborhood of Lausanne is undergoing a singular process called *paragreling*. The paragrelles consist of poles of 40 feet high, placed 500 feet from each other, to which conductors are attached. Great ravages are frequently occasioned to the vineyards by hail storms; and it is asserted that these conductors, by depriving the hail clouds of their superabundant electricity, will cause their contents to descend either in snow or rain!

Relief for Cramp in the Stomach.

I have seen the most violent cases of Cramp in the stomach immediately relieved by drinking freely of warm sweetened water, when opium or its various preparations, nor any thing else would give relief to the patient. Believing that this hint may probably be the means of relief to some one or more, afflicted with the above awful complaint, I think it my duty to make this communication. [Norwich Courier.]

From the Albany Messenger.

At a meeting of the "Abolition Society," held in Gibbons' Market, on Wednesday evening last, Rufus Ten Broeck, Esq., was called to the chair, and General Ross was appointed Secretary. The Chairman rose and addressed the meeting as follows:

"Brothers of the Abolition Society!—Do reason you was axed to come here, was to take some big steps to prepare for celebrating the university ob do Fourt ob 'Uly. I know not how to depress my feelings on dis great 'cession; but I can tell you dat I will not put one fish, or skin one sturgeon on dat day less dan free-quarter dollar, and I hope you will all tink as I do, for de honor ob de Abolition Society. I will exclude my 'ration, by devising you not to drink more Bossum 'Ticler dan you can get, for your bitters on dat day."

He was followed by the Secretary in the following short and pithy oration:

"You brak negers!—you hab heard wat Misser Ten Broeck has told you, and you must all do jist as he said, only I tink you had better drink a pint ob Bossum 'Ticler, and be 'pon your partic—tic—ticler guard and don't git drunk, for, if you do I will break your brack heads in a little less dan no time."

The following gentlemen were then appointed a committee to draft resolutions: The Hon. John Charley, Philip Ellis, Esq., and the Chairman and Secretary. They retired to the centre of the Market for about fifteen minutes, when they produced the following resolutions, which were "magnanimously" adopted:

Resolved, Dat we will meet at de Fish-slip on de morning ob de Fourt ob 'Uly at seventy-three minutes pas' half arter 4 o'clock, in full unicorn "as de law directs."

Resolved, Dat every member ob de Siety wat hab more dan twenty-tree holes in he coat an' breeches, be ducked in de Fish-slip.

Resolved, Dat none ob de members shall wear shoes an' stockings on dat day, 'cept he able to get 'em.

Resolved, Dat Sambo White-Eye be 'picted de Giral ob de day, an' Yon Hull be de deputy resistance.

Resolved, Dat de tanks ob de meelin be deferred on de Chairman an' de Scratchetary, for dere 'bliging conduct dis evening.

Resolved, Dat be recordings be signed by de Scratchetary, and published in all de respectable papers in dis city,—not excepting the Argus.

YON HULL, Scratch.

LA FAYETTE and the hay-stacks. I am this moment looking over an old British Magazine, published in London; (it appears to be of a Ministerial character.) The date is effaced; I have reason to think it is 1781 or 82. However, the following *jeu de esprit* appears in the utmost bitterness of expression altogether as it respects spirit, feeling, and unintentional compliment to the activity of the then young, and now aged soldier, who honors our shores. It alludes to Sir Henry Clinton.

"Has the Marquis La Fayette
Taken off all our hay yet?"
Says C***** to the wise heads around him:
"Yes, faith, great Sir Harry!
Each stack did he carry—
And likewise the cattle—confound him!"

TRIBUTE.

N. B. The General will recollect to what scenes and times these lines allude.

N. Y. Nat. Adv.

The following 'fair' expose, we copy from the Vermont Watchman:

To the Public.—Whereas, David Thayer, my husband, by public notice in the Vermont Watchman, has forbidden all persons trusting me on his account, and states that he will pay no debts of my contracting after this notice. This is to inform the public, that he has lately taken the poor man's oath on the small sum of seven bushels of ash; and I have not been able for years to obtain one cent on my dear husband's credit but have discharged some of his small debts. I now state that I will pay no more debts of his contracting, and I earnestly request all persons not to trust him on my account, especially for ardent spirits.

LUCY THAYER.

Calais, June 12, 1825.

Proof that a man can be his own grand-father.—There were a widow and her daughter-in-law, and a man and his son. The widow married his son, and the daughter the old man. The widow was, therefore, mother to her husband's father; and, consequently, grandmother to her own husband. They had a son, to whom she was great-grandmother; now, as the son of a great-grandmother must be either a grand-father or great uncle, this boy was one or the other. He was his own grand-father.

A Mr. Stirling, who was minister of the Barony Church of Glasgow, during the war which England and her allies waged against the insatiable ambition of Louis XIV. in that part of his prayer which related to public affairs, used to beseech the Lord that he would take the haughty tyrant of France, and shake him over the mouth of hell; "but, good Lord," added the worthy man, "dinna let him fa'in." This curious prayer being mentioned to Louis, he laughed heartily at this new and ingenious method of punishing ambition, and frequently afterwards gave as a toast, "the good Scotch parson."

Sergeant Davy, one of the late king's counsel, on the Oxford circuit, having professionally trimmed a gentleman-commoner of Brazenose, on a famous trial, was waited on, next morning, by the gentleman and his friend, at his bedside, threatening to horsewhip him. "Not in bed, I hope," said Mr. Davy. "No, not in bed," they said, he, turning himself, "I'll not rise till you are in a better humour."

A lawyer being sick, made his will, and gave away all his estate to lunatic, frantic, and mad people. And being asked why he did so, replied, "from such he had it, and to such would he give it again."

From the Will of J. Grass, Mariner, of Bristol, proved 1795. My executrix —, to pay out of the first monies collected, to my beloved wife, Sarah, if living, one shilling, which I give as a token of my love, that she may buy hazle nuts, as I know she is better pleased with cracking of them, than she is with mending holes in her stockings.

From the Will of Gen. Blachett, late Governor of Plymouth, proved 1782. I desire my body to be kept so long as it may not be offensive, and that one of my toes or fingers may be cut off, to secure a certainty of my being dead. I further request my dear wife, as she has been troubled with one old fool, she will not think of marrying a second.

Spoken extempore to a Lady, on being asked "what the world was like?"

The world is a prison in ev'ry respect,
Whose walls are the heavens in common;
The gaoler is sin, and the prisoner's men,
And the fetters are nothing but—WOMEN.

JUST RECEIVED.

AND FOR SALE at the OXFORD BOOKSTORE, INDELIBLE INK for marking on Linen. Also, Conversation Cards, and Sand Paper.

PROPOSALS.

FOR publishing at Portland, Maine, a weekly paper, to be entitled the

MAINE RECORD.

Of Literature, Science, Agriculture and News.

The time seems to have arrived, when the Capital of the large and respectable State of Maine, may sustain a periodical paper devoted to Literature and general Science, free from political, or religious discussions. The already advanced and still advancing state of the public mind in taste and useful knowledge is considered a guarantee that a work of this kind will meet with adequate support; and the fact that no publication now exists in this State, is an additional encouragement to propose the undertaking. It is intended to make the RECORD a source of amusement and profit to every class of readers. The man of literature, of science, and of business shall be equally indulged with his favorite subjects. But while the literary, scientific and commercial departments will be strictly attended to, and rendered as interesting as possible, the Agricultural interest will not be neglected—a full share of the attention of the Editor will be devoted to this important branch of national industry. Care will also be taken to communicate the latest articles of foreign and domestic intelligence, and the proceedings of the State and National Legislatures. A *Massive Register* of the regular communications of the different Lodges in the State, will also be given, with such other information as may be interesting to the fraternity.

A gentleman of experience has been engaged as the Editor, whose best efforts will be applied to render the columns of the RECORD useful and entertaining. Several other gentlemen of literary acquirements have given assurance of assistance; by which it is hoped the publication will be made worthy of the support of a generous and enlightened public.

GEORGE W. BAZIN.

J. O. BALCH, Editor.

Portland, June, 1825.

CONDITIONS.

1. The RECORD will be printed every Saturday morning, at Two Dollars per annum, payable at the end of six months.
2. It will be printed on good paper, of a royal size, and on fair type.
3. Any person who shall become accountable for seven subscribers, shall receive one copy gratis.

Subscription papers to be returned to the publisher at Portland, on or before the 15th of September next.

Subscriptions received at this Office.

SHERIFF'S SALE.

TAKEN by virtue of an Execution, and will be sold at Public Vendue, at the Store of BENJAMIN BARBER, in Hiram, on Saturday the sixth day of August next, at one o'clock in the afternoon—all the right, title, interest and possession which ISRAEL BURBANK, of said Hiram, has in and to about three acres of Land with a house thereon, situated in Hiram aforesaid; being a part of the lot now owned by Alpheus Spring; together with all the privileges and appurtenances thereto belonging.

BENJ. BUCKNELL, Deputy Sheriff.

Hiram, July 4, 1825. 54 Sw*

SHERIFF'S SALE.

TAKEN on Execution, and to be sold at Public Vendue, on FRIDAY the twenty-ninth day of July next, at ten of the clock in the forenoon, at the Store of BENJAMIN A. MOUTON, in Dixfield, in said County, all the right in equity of redemption which LATHAM C. CLOSSON has in and to a lot of land numbered four, in the town of Mexico, in said County, and is the same lot on which the said Closson now lives, and the same land on which the said Closson mortgaged to Stephen Stone.

SILAS COBURN, Deputy Sheriff.

June 28, 1825. 53 Sw

SHERIFF'S SALE.

TAKEN on Execution, and to be sold at Public Vendue, on FRIDAY the twenty-ninth day of July next, at ten of the clock in the afternoon, at BENJAMIN A. MOUTON's store, in Dixfield, all the right in equity of redemption which WILLIAM BRACKETT, of Peru, has in and to the lot of land on which he now lives, in said Peru; Also lot numbered three in the second range of lots, in Lunt's Grant, and the same which the said Brackett mortgaged to Silas Leonard, Jr.

SILAS COBURN, Deputy Sheriff.

June 28, 1825. 53 Sw

List of Letters remaining in the Post-Office, at Paris, (Me.) July 1st, 1825.

Capt. John Andrews; Chandler Cushman; William Churchill; Peter H. Clark; Benar Dow; Lewis Follett; Abel Gosson; Henry Hill; Mary Knight; Mary Libby; Joseph Lindsey; Samuel Norris; Samuel Parit, Esq.; Simon Pond; Sally Pratt; Sally Rice; Martha Smith; Sally Starland; Timothy Smith; Benjamin Stevens; Statiro Whightman; Nathaniel Young.

AS A BARTON, Assistant Post-Master.

MACHINE CARDS.

HORACE SEAVEY, No. 2, Mitchell's Buildings, has just received a consignment of Machine Cards, from the Manufactory of Horace Smith, Leicester, which will be warranted to give satisfaction. Orders for any quantity executed at short notice.

Portland, Feb. 15.—If 21

PILLS, DROPS, OINTMENT, &c. JUST received, for sale at the Oxford Bookstore, Dean's Rheumatic Pills; Lee's Bilious Pills; Rel's Asthmatic Pills; Rel's Empirical Drops; Anderson's Cough Drops; Imperial Itch Ointment; Court Plaster, &c.

METHODIST HYMN BOOKS. JUST RECEIVED and for sale at the Oxford Bookstore, HYMN BOOKS, used by the Methodist Episcopal Church in the United States.

WEEKLY OBSERVER.

IS PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY MORNING BY ASA BARTON,

For the Proprietors, at two dollars per annum, payable semi-annually.

No paper discontinued, until all arrearages are paid, but at the option of the publisher.

ADVERTISEMENTS conspicuously inserted, and on the usual terms.

All letters, addressed to the publisher, must be post paid.

The Publisher deems it expedient to give notice, that, while he shall always endeavor to be literally correct, he will not hold himself responsible for any error in any advertisement beyond the amount charged for its insertion.